

Prince(ss)

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Summary: There was once, very long ago, in a land far away, a tower standing in the woods, in that tower was the king's child, trapped there by a dangerous wizard no one had ever seen or heard. It was said that the child was beautiful, with soft brown hair and green eyes that sparkled.

1. Chapter 1

There was once, very long ago, in a land far away, a tower standing in the woods, in that tower was the king's child, trapped there by a dangerous wizard no one had ever seen or heard. It was said that the child was beautiful, with soft brown hair and green eyes that sparkled.

Many rumours spread throughout the kingdom. One said that she who was trapped was terribly rude to the wizard, who had, in turn, locked her away that no one would have to suffer her mannerisms. Another was whispered that the king decreed that whoever saved the maiden would be blessed with her hand. Some say that the princess and wizard fell in love and the king, being horribly prejudiced against magic creatures, locked away his daughter so as to keep her away from her love.

Only one account proved to be accurate in the slightest.

Knights and warriors who heard tell of the second tale rushed to free and wed the beautiful princess. They were sorely disappointed when they found the tower.

For in the stone belfry abode a boy. A scrawny, dorky, sarcastic prince who laughed at the knights for falling for such a clichéd tale. It was thusly his own fault that he remained trapped, and would stay this way for a very long time.

****XxX****

A prince called Hiccup was not alone, but that didn't mean he wasn't lonely. Every week his father would bring him baskets of food and things to tinker with, place them on the boy's invented pulley system, and, after awkwardly making an attempt at conversation, leave.

The boy had a vast imagination to keep him busy, so he could often escape his reality, but more often than not a brave knight would come along to 'rescue' him. In those instances, he would pick himself up from the floor he was likely laying on, sketching his next invention, and taunt the man until he on the ground was red in the face, shouting insults to the boy.

"You'll never escape! The rest of us are better off without you!"; "No wonder you're locked away, stay there forever!"; "I hope you rot!"

Prince Hiccup would merely roll his eyes and return to his blueprints, but the droplets that fell on the page were not, as he would later convince himself, a leak in the roof.

And then, once upon a time, there was a girl. The warrioress who heard tales of a poor princess in a tower who needed rescuing. The girl did not believe in damsels in distress, but she did believe in search and rescue missions, which was what she made this out to be. And she certainly believed in rewards.

Determined to relieve the alleged trapped princess of her captivity, a girl named Astrid set out into the woods, an axe strapped across her back. She travelled through the thick forest and into the night, setting up camp as she needed.

After two days and a night's travel, her only map being landmarks passingly mentioned in fairy tales, the warrior came upon a clearing. In the midst of the clearing loomed a spire, stretching intimidatingly to the sky.

Uncertainly approaching the moss and ivy covered tower, Astrid swallowed her fear, "Princess?"

She heard a frustrated grunt come from above and a face appeared in the window at the very top of the fortress. "For the last time! I'm not-" but Hiccup's words died in his throat as he stared open-mouthed at his new attempted hero. She retrieved her axe from it's place on her back. "Where is the princess?" she demanded. "Are you the wizard, her captor?"

Then he noticed she was the same as everyone else. "Come to save the princess?" _He scoffed. "Sorry, miss, you've been misinformed. All that's trapped here is me. Even if you save me, I won't marry you, if that's what you're after." He watched amusedly as her brow furrowed further, thinking her cute for a moment before shaking away the thought.

"Do you think these make a difference to me?"

What?

"You actually honestly want to save _me_?" the prince was bewildered. That's a new one. He wondered how long it would be before she gave up. They all did. Rewards weren't worth trying to break into a tower while being taunted to that which you're trying to rescue.

The girl below him began to circle the tower. Hiccup ran to the window on the opposite end of his imprisonment.

"There's a door." the girl said flatly and gave him a blank stare. She stands before an iron door on the back of the tower.

"The metal's been melded together." He rests his chin in his palm. "It's rusted shut," he mused, "there's a force pushing from the other side. Take your pick, it won't open."

The girl tossed him a glare. "It'll open." she assured him. Hiccup found the whole ordeal pointless, and told her so.

"This whole ordeal is pointless." he sighed, frustrated. "No one will want to be around me when I'm free. What does it matter?"

The warrior ignored him. "Do you have knives? Really sharp ones?"

"Uh..." Hiccup nodded, utterly unused to this treatment. Wordlessly he went to grab a box of weapons. He attached the box to a string and let it down to her.

Astrid opened the box and carefully selected knives one by one, holding as many as her clenched fists could grasp. She dropped them at the base of Hiccup's tower, just below the back window. Hiccup opened his mouth to ask her what she was doing just before he heard a loud '_chk_' and looked down to see her digging a second knife between his tower's bricks.

He marvels at how sure-footed she was as she climbs up the tower, digging knives into the tower higher and higher. The process was taking a while, as she had to descend her knife staircase each time she dug a new step, to retrieve a new knife. So Hiccup began to talk to her.

After ten minutes of silence, the boy, frustrated, reapproached his window to watch her progress. "Hello," he finally said.

"Hello." she replied, grunting as she stabbed his tower once again. He went silent once more. Then,

"Why are you trying to save me?" He wandered away from his window and took a seat backwards on a chair.

"Honestly? Money. I also didn't like the idea of someone stuck in tower by themselves."

"Do you regret it?" Being on the ground once more, she had the time and ability to cast him a concerned, somewhat stern stare. "Most people give up trying to 'rescue' me once they figure out I'm just a sarcastic, wimpy boy."

"They must not care about your well-being." she responded airily, shrugging as best she could as she climbed.

"Thanks," Hiccup tossed back dryly, then froze. "Do you care?"

He was met with silence. After another good five minutes, he heard her call up, "So what's your name, Prince?"

"Hiccup. What's yours?" he slowly reapproached the window when he saw a grinning blonde head pop up. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her electrifying blue ones.

"I'm Astrid, and, Prince-y, I've rescued you."

****Dahdah I hope you enjoyed Chapter One. There should be a couple chapters after this one uvu****

****Please rate and review!****

2. Chapter 2

Prince Hiccup Haddock III had not been able to touch the grass in exactly two years. The closest he had come to greenery was the fresh vegetables his father brought him weekly, and the ivy that climbed the tower he was so close to escaping.

Warrior Astrid Hofferson held out her hand as he balanced himself carefully on the knives that jutted out of the bottom of his tower. But it wasn't his anymore. He looked back up at the window, then gave his savior's hand a hard stare.

She was nearly fed up with his nervousness and her patience ran out quickly. Grabbing his arm roughly, she yanked the boy off the knives that stood three feet off the ground.

He hit the ground with a yelp, rubbing his tailbone and glaring at her. His rude comment tapered off when he looked up at her. The bright blue sky behind her caught his attention. It's not like he wasn't able to see the sky when he was trapped, but he wasn't concentrating on the sky hanging in space, but rather the way that, from his perspective on the ground, Astrid was outlined against the sky.

Her bright blue eyes seemed to pop out at him. He felt stupid. He wasn't in love with her. That was the kind of thing he made fun of when reading. No, he had just met her. Falling in love would be ridiculous, right? No, his mind repeated, you're just exceedingly grateful. Don't mistake it for love.

Grinning at her, he blocked the sun out with a hand and tried to stand up carefully. His foot creaked, causing her to give him a confused look before trailing her gaze to his legs. She gasps nervously at a metal prosthetic.

"What happened?" she nearly whispered, extending a hand to pull him up, but keeping her gaze fixed on his replacement foot.

"I lost it," the prince found his irritation growing as he shifted uncomfortably under her stare.

"How?"

"I probably misplaced it when I was a kid."

Astrid tore her gaze from the ground, intending to give him a glare he now assumed her famous for, but instead she nearly jumped back and yelped upon discovering he was a whole head taller than her.

Hiccup snickered, tilting his head devilishly. He leaned forward to give off a more 'looming' look and grinned. "You okay?"

The warrior muttered wordlessly, embarrassed at her own surprise, and flustered at his attempt to do just that. She narrowed her eyes quickly and turned on her heels, tossing him a, "Lets go, Princey," over her shoulder.

Her quick getaway only widened his grin as he rushed to catch up with her.

****XxX****

"Are we there yet?" For a prince, Hiccup sure had some annoying habits. One of them being that he had asked that question exactly fifteen times in the past hour. Obviously he forgot her threat on his life.

She raised her axe to her throat, sticking his head between the blades where the handle jutted out and came to a point. Astrid rolled her eyes when he held up his hands in surrender.

"It's a three-day journey," she snapped, unmoving. "It will take three days. Get it?" She then released him and began walking again. He jogged after her, practically pouting.

"Not on d..."

"What?" the warrior didn't hear him clearly when he mumbled the rest of his sentence.

"Not on horseback." the prince said louder and, curiously, nervously.

"Is that how you got here?" Astrid mused after a short lull in conversation. "Horseback?"

Blowing stray hairs absent-mindedly out of his eyes, Hiccup shoved his hands in the holes he called 'pockets' in his pants. "Yeah, I rode here."

"Why were you stuck in the tower?" She leaned forward as she walked, studying his face.

Hiccup was silent. So she repeated her question. He glanced at her and licked his lips. "I... made a friend that I shouldn't have."

"Was it the wizard? Is the story of you being in love with them true?"

"Yeah, I guess so." he chuckled, " Not _in love..._ We're friends. Anyways, I befriended the Wizard, who I call Too-" the boy paused.

"Two. My dad really didn't like that me 'nd him were buddies. He was very loud, very yelly."

Astrid let out a laugh, finding it very hard to believe that this boy was a prince with his lack of grammar skills. He talked with his hands a lot, too, so she had a hard time concentrating on the words coming from his lips.

The boy raised an eyebrow at the sound she made, obviously pleased to have had made her laugh. "Two and I decided to run away," he continued with a satisfied grin. "We rode all the way out to the tower, which was kinda our secret place. It only took about an hour with how we went," he added when she gave him a bewildered look. She still raised an eyebrow at him, unbelieving. Hiccup licked his lips again, anxiously, "I was inside while he was wandering around outside and the door... It got stuck.

"When he realised I was trapped, he ran off. I don't know where to, but he would come back every once in a while and just stand there nervously." Astrid tilted her head sympathetically while he shrugged.

The warrior found that they had come across a trampled spot in the bushes and, recognizing it as the place she had set up camp the night before, motioned the prince that they would stop, that he should sit. Hiccup complied gratefully, immediately yanking off his boots as he sat comfortable in the grass. Astrid copied him in removing her shoes, then her armory, and shaking out her wrinkled dress. She searched briefly for the firewood she had gathered the previous day and, upon finding it, laid some down in a charred circle of stones.

The girl plopped down on a soft tuft of grass across from the prince. She glanced up at him and saw him staring. Suddenly, Astrid felt self-conscious and shrank back. "What?" she demanded irritably. He looked taken aback by her sharp outburst and shrugged.

"You look so at home... Natural." he stopped himself from saying 'pretty', feeling flustered that he thought it.

She tossed him a half-hearted grin, lazily leaning against a tree stump. "Thanks?"

There was a few minute's comfortable silence in which Hiccup laid down in the warm grass and stared up at what he could see of the sky. Astrid watched him do so, poking the still unlit firewood with a stick. She broke the silence when her curiosity about his past entrapment got the best of her. "Is it true that a dragon guarded your tower?"

Hiccup turned towards her for a second, his breath catching in his throat. But no, she didn't know. He returned his gaze to the sky.

"I guess you could say that. There was a dragon in the woods." he heard Astrid coo with interest and the smug look he acquired when he made her laugh came back at the noise. "I think he was always there in the woods, especially when people approached. I would..." he glances at her, grinning sheepishly. "I made fun of knights who would come to rescue me when they thought I was a 'fair maiden'. Most of them would leave when they found out I was, uh,"

"This?" Astrid offered, swooping her hand, indicating his body.

"You just gestured to all of me," he complained, feigning distress. "Yeah, this. But some would stay while I teased them about how gullible they were. Some of them would get really angry and shout slurs, and others would throw weapons. The dragon would attack those who threatened me with bodily harm, and if Knights stayed longer than he deemed necessary, or got too loud for him, he'd creep out of the bushes and growl at them.

"I would throw knives at a boy if he was sitting in a tower taunting me, too." With that, Hiccup fell silent again, shutting his eyes and enjoying the light breeze and the rustling noise it made when it danced through the trees.

"What did you eat?"

Not opening his eyes, the prince shrugged. "My dad brought me food. He never tried to save me. Guess it's better to keep a weak, useless prince locked up, right?"

Astrid was torn between rolling her eyes at the melodrama that laced his tone thickly, or feel bad for the poor boy. She stared at him while she contemplated her next move. Then the warrior inched towards his head, taking clumps of his hair, upon reaching it, at a time and weaving stubby braids.

Hiccup opened his eyes and gave her a hard stare before deciding he found her work relaxing and letting his lids flutter closed.

****XxX****

The prince awoke to the smell of frying fish. He groaned and rolled to his side, towards the noise. Prying his eyes open, the boy sniffled and stared at Astrid, who looked up at him and blinked. Hiccup bolted upright and swung his head around, unable to recall his memories from the previous night. His amnesia, however, was short-lived and he relaxed, though embarrassed.

When he looked up at her again, the warrior was giving him a funny look, her cheeks red. It wasn't until a hand flew to her mouth that he realised she was holding back laughter. He scowled at her, though that only seemed to spur her on.

The girl handed him a stick which held a cooked fish once she calmed down. They ate their breakfast together quickly, though neither was particularly excited to begin walking again.

Despite their unwillingness, it wasn't long before they were both tramping through the woods again. When she gave her armor an uncomfortable stare before she began to put it on, he offered to carry it for her, which she quickly agreed to, after a moment's thought.

Hiccup, Astrid noticed, would shake his prosthetic every so often when he grew tired, and when he did so she would casually suggest they rest.

While they walked, she sheepishly asked him how he came about being as built as he was.

He had raised an eyebrow at that, grinning mischievously. "Honestly? When I first got trapped in the tower, I had a plan to get really strong and break out. Literally. So I did the training my dad always wanted me to do. Eventually I realised it was a really dumb idea, but it became a habit, and it was really boring up there."

She laughed at his grinning addition and stretched her arms towards the sky. Then she suddenly froze. A snapping noise, that went on unheard by her companion, repeated itself. Hiccup noticed that she wasn't walking by his side anymore quickly. He looked back at her, the question of what she was doing died on his lips.

He jogged up back beside her and nervously tried to chide her into keeping going.

The warrior waved off his advances, still warily watching the thick woods behind them. "Come on, it was just a deer, let's go!"

"Shut up Hiccup!" she shouted pushing him away. Surprised by her action (and frankly, the extent of her strength. She was very powerful for such a tiny girl.) Hiccup fell, making a squeaking noise of protest.

There was a sudden roar and Astrid saw a black blur darting out of the bushes. She points her axe at it when it comes to a stop, growling. Hiccup jumps up from where he was shoved, rushing to throw himself between the two before they could jump the other. "It's okay! It's okay..." he hushed the warrior and dragon, pushing the growling animal back. "You just scared him. I told you that he gets defensive when I'm in danger."

"I scared him?!" Astrid demanded, still pointing her axe defensively. "Who in the hell is him?"

"Astrid, this Two...thless..."

****Yeahhh who saw that coming im like a ninja****

****I didn't want to make it obvious at first, but then I decided that yeah, actually I do. So now it's obvious.****

****Heheh rate and review, please uvu****

3. Chapter 3

****Someone asked why Hiccup didn't just escape his tower if he had rope for building a pulley system. The rope he had in his tower he used to make the pulley, and even if he hadn't, it wouldn't have been strong enough to hold him. He didn't ask his dad for help cause he figured Stoick was better off without him and Stoick (being the kinda awful dad he is) thought that since Hiccup ran away in the first place, he wouldn't really want to escape. Aka they're both really dumb.****

"Astrid, come on!" Hiccup limped quickly after her, his right foot falling asleep from his toes to mid-shin, where her toes had likely

left an imprint. He repositioned the sack in which he carried her armor in on his shoulder and Astrid spun around, surprising him into almost dropping it. He shifted the bag again, uncomfortably avoiding her eyes and the axe she had begun to swing around, much to the prince's horror.

Toothless had calmed since his human had assured him the female was not a threat, but he let out a warning growl when the warrior shouted, "_What_?" she inched closer to the boy angrily, "Do you want to tell me more lies?" she snarled and spun to storm off again when Hiccup caught her arm. It was a simple mistake, which he realised when she gave him a deadly glare, quickly retracting his hand.

"I didn't technically lie," the boy began defensively. "I just didn't tell the whole truth."

The warrior made a loud noise of irritation and threw a knife into a tree, very nearly nicking the prince. "I am going to _kill you." _

The dragon spread his wings threateningly at her, an action which Hiccup calmed quickly, assuring him she didn't mean it literally. "Don't be so sure," she snapped at him, making the boy wave calmly at her the same way he had his pet. She simply scowled at him.

The prince licked and bit his lips nervously until Astrid, sighing, let the arm wielding the axe fall to her side. He still didn't speak, even though his defensive position relaxed.

The warrior raised an eyebrow. "Aren't you trying to convince me to not give up trusting you completely so I don't lock you back up in your tower?"

A nervous grin played on Hiccup's lips. Everything about him was nervous, honestly. "I would show you from the sky, but -"

"Wait, wait. You _fly him?" _ the girl interrupted, her mouth hanging open.

"Ye-es?" He shrank back as if he was a child being scolded. "Well. No. I can't now because his tail is broken. We went down on one of our first flights. The one I made him got caught under a rock when I was trapped in my tower. I could fix it, but, uh -"

She seemed to enjoy cutting him off when he said 'but'. "So fix it."

His lips disappeared into his mouth as he broke eye contact with her piercing gaze. "I'd need to dismantle your armor."

"No!" Astrid yelled. "You can't do that." she repeated quietly, ducking her head and blushing. "...someone important made that for me. Can't you just tell me?"

Instead of anxiously asking "Who?" Hiccup pushed down the bad feeling bubbling in his stomach, deeming it stupid. "Well yeah, sure."

"First off the friend I mentioned called Two was actually Toothless." he was off to an awkward start as they continued through the woods.

"Yeah," the warrior rolled her eyes.

"Yeah," the boy grinned sheepishly. "My dad got really mad because I had befriended a dragon," suddenly he began to mimic his father's thick accent. "A species that has terrorized our people for years!" the prince shrugged. "Overall not listening to me. So I saddled up Toothless and packed a bag. The rest is really history. I think I told you all that yesterday. But I promise he's completely safe, totally trained... and he's my best friend." Astrid gives him a sympathetic look, which he wrinkles his nose at. "Wow, I didn't think this speech through. I know there's a lot to be desired with just that, but I pictured this moment a little higher up."

"Wanna go climb a tree, Dragon Boy?" the girl teased, earning her his tongue stuck out. "It's alright, I guess. I _ might _have over reacted a little. Just don't lie to me again or I will have to tell your father you were mulled by a bear." Hiccup raised his palms defensively, grinning. "What are you planning on doing when you get home?"

The prince slouched. He hadn't thought of that. "I don't know. I guess I'll regather supplies and run away again." he was only half-joking. What use was he to his village? They doubtfully wanted him in the first place.

Astrid kicked a stone in her path. "I think you should talk to your dad." she muttered.

The boy laughed, assuming she was joking, too. The warrior gave him a hard look and his laugh died down slowly. "You're kidding." the prince stared at her, exasperated. "Have you _met _the guy? He's intimidating!"

"_Surely _he's not too scary for Mister I-Trained-A-Dragon!" Astrid gasped, sarcasm weighing heavily on her voice.

"Well," Hiccup grinned, feigning arrogance. "Even the most brave heroes have their Achilles heel."

The warrior rolled her eyes, though smiling. "Brave it through, Princey." She ordered, shoving him lightly. The boy sighed, glancing down at her, but she gave him a persistent look. He exhaled again.

"Fine. I'll see what I can do."

"Good." She nodded. He breathed a laugh at her satisfied grin.

"Apparently _you're _my Achilles heel."

What?

Why did he have to _say _that? He starts to splutter. "I don't mean.. as in... uh..." Hiccup stared at her nervously until she burst out laughing. He scowled, his face lighting red. "Shut up." His words only spurred her on until she had to stop walking.

The Prince kept his scowl until his humiliation ceased. When it did

he glared at her, arms crossed. "It wasn't that funny," he pouted, making her giggle again.

"Yes it was." she grinned, and when he puffed out his cheeks she tossed him a smile and assured him, "It's okay," kissing him on the cheek before darting ahead.

A stunned prince stood in her wake. Toothless stepped forward, nudging his human in the back. Hiccup pushed the judgemental dragon away. "What're you looking at?"

****XxX****

- Hiccup almost had to run to catch up with the warrior, falling several times at the quick pace. (Apparently his entrapment in the tower had done nothing for his clumsiness.) In fact, Astrid didn't even talk to him until they reached her second campsite. The only word she had said then was "Well." and sat down. Hiccup couldn't help feeling lonely. He caught himself rubbing the spot she had kissed him multiple times, blushing when he realized it.

"We need more firewood." she told him at long last, her old demeanor finally reappearing, though slowly. The prince nodded, volunteering to get some and standing up quickly, forgetting the branch he had parked himself under to block the sun from his eyes. He rubbed his aching temple and held up a hand as she started to see if he was okay, biting back laughter.

When he returned with his arms full of wood that threatened to spill out of his arms he sat closer to Astrid, glaring at the branch, he could have sworn he saw a reddish tuft clinging to it. The warrior, now at arm's length, reached up to feel the growing lump beneath the hair still on his head. He flinched away, and hissed through his teeth in pain. The girl's eyes widened, nearly taking his retraction the wrong way, but he relaxed once more and she continued to weave her fingers through his hair.

The boy gave her a mischievous grin and she snatched back her hand. "If you rub it, it'll feel better." Hiccup nodded, touching his head, feeling a loss where her fingers had been. His own trailed back to his cheek.

The majority of the night was silent, aside from Toothless' bored gurgles. Whenever his dragon made the noise, the prince made an attempt at conversation, which Astrid often waved off with a simple word.

The boy announced the late hour with a melodramatic yawn, stretching his arms.

"Yeah, we should get to sleep." the girl said, the authority in her voice finally fully back.

Hiccup nearly gave a sigh of relief as he edged carefully around the fire and across from her, back under the loathsome branch. He certainly didn't watch her closed lids fluttering as he drifted off to sleep.

****XxX****

Toothless woke both humans up the next morning when he eagerly stepped on the prince's stomach, making him give a loud groan of pain, which startled Astrid.

"Thank you, bud." Hiccup nodded sarcastically to his dragon, holding his stomach, but he heard the warrior giggling at his pain, which was, albeit embarrassing, a small victory.

They set out on their journey once again in no time at all before encountering a trader in the woods. The boy quickly motioned Toothless into hiding.

" 'Ello!" the man greeted, waving them over. "I've got lots'a tools and provisions for weary travelers on missions to rescue the princess!" The man motioned to the wooden log on which he set up his wares. "Propose to 'er on the spot with one of _these _gems." he swept a hand over a box of beautifully cut rings, and the warrior beside the prince slapped a hand over her mouth to stop herself from laughing.

Hiccup quickly glared at her and purchased a long metal connecting rod ("For a walk'n' stick!" the trader nodded at his choice, adding under his breath, "Or somethin' ") and a flag with the Kingdom's sign. ("For proudly wavin' when ya head back ta the village with the princess in ya arms!") the prince wasn't one hundred percent as to how one was expected to wave a flag over their heads while carrying a person.

"What's that for?" Astrid wheezed when they were out of sight of the trader and Toothless had rejoined them.

"That," Hiccup grinned proudly, "Is for fixing Toothless' tail."

"He hasn't flown in two years." Astrid pointed out.

"We'll let him practice before we actually ride him." Hiccup assured her. "But we do have to fix it." He motioned for his dragon to stop and circled around to his tail. It didn't really take _that _long to fasten the two together, as the prince had found that the saddlebag he had fastened to the Night Fury still contained little spare parts and tools.

After what seemed to the warrior and the dragon with its head on her stomach an eternity, the prince proudly nodded at his work and grinned at his companions, twirling his hammer between his fingers. He nearly immediately dropped it on his good toes. After he was laughed at by both girl and dragon he clutched his foot, "We're ready to go."

****Yep, so the next chapter will likely be the last.****

****I'm actually being all proud over here cause I've never actually planned a story before woot. (Though this one might be kinda all over the place... oops.)****

****Please Rate and Review!****

In all honesty, trudging through the woods was not Hiccup's ideal way to spend time with a girl he realized he was beginning to develop feelings for. Really, though, the very idea of falling for his knight in fur armor was ridiculously clich  d to the prince. She probably thought he was just a weakling, anyways, so what was the point? Something in the back of his mind taunted his growing crush.

"Hiccup!" the warrior of his affections shouted. Judging by her tone and the way she raised an eyebrow, she had been doing so for a while.

"What, huh? Yeah?" Hiccup jumped at her proximity, his train of thought crashing and burning.

"I asked if it's safe to ride Toothless yet." Astrid rolled her eyes, gesturing to the dragon, who was finally flying smoothly, circling the small clearing they stood in the midst of.

The prince nodded quickly and whistled for the beast, and Toothless landed swiftly. Hiccup effortlessly mounted his dragon and turned to help his companion aboard. "Milady?" The word made his cheeks burn. Smooth.

However, the girl was too busy regarding the dragon suspiciously to acknowledge the endearment. Suddenly she questioned the safety of it all, the way one would nervously stall when about to board a rollercoaster. Such an analogy would obviously be lost on Astrid, but could be applied just as well.

The boy on the dragon grinned mischievously down at her. "It's fine," he assured her, further extending his outstretched warrior narrowed her eyes at his devilish look, but took his hand and pulled herself onto Toothless. She clung tightly, however, to what she could. The poor victim of her vice-like grip happened to be a prince who - despite his growing lack of oxygen - did not feel victimized in the slightest, but instead found himself smiling.

The boy patted his dragon and the beast took to the sky.

It took a while for Astrid to relax, but she eventually unburied her face from where it was hidden in Hiccup's shirt and breathlessly stared at the clouds that floated by them as they sailed into the horizon.

This was more up the prince's alley, as the girl his heart was threatening to break out of his chest for clung to him still. Walking through the woods would have been romantic at first, but it had gotten old quickly and before he grew to love her. Maybe love was a strong word, maybe he liked her an enormous amount. The boy petted his dragon thoughtfully as he pondered his feelings. He had decided over an hour ago that his affection for the girl was too complicated to sort out, especially when attempting to do so had earned him a punch in the arm when he forgot they had been carrying out a conversation.

Astrid murmured something sleepily in his ear, her breath shooting a shiver down his spine. "What?" he shouted back, turning to realise the girl had fallen asleep. He himself felt almost numb with sleep deprivation, having been used to sleeping any time he wanted in his

tower. Toothless snorted and shook his head as if reminding his human that he needed to be awake to control a prosthetic tail.

"How far is it?" the boy groaned, and his dragon growled at the prince, who rolled his eyes indignantly. The prince crossed his arms. "Stubborn old dragon..."

****XxX****

A warrior peeled her eyes open, yawning and turning to hide her face in the object that served as her pillow. She heard a deep rumble coming from aforementioned object and heard her name being called. Astrid pushed herself upright and squinted at the back of a prince, then let her eyes trail to his; green orbs that peered over his shoulder at her persistently.

"What?" the blonde moaned, brushing messy fringe away from her sight.

"Toothless and I stopped to get lunch an hour ago. We saved you an apple and some bread." The boy rolled his eyes in exasperation and she noticed he was pushing his leather sack towards her.

In an unladylike fashion that made Hiccup chuckle fondly, Astrid opened the bag and took out her food, flashing him a sarcastic grin, "Much obliged, Princey." She wretched her aching limbs. "So? How close are we?"

"We're on... over, Berka soil." the boy nodded and shrugged. "So maybe twenty minutes to a half hour until we land. Then we'll have to walk to town, which would take maybe five minutes."

"Cool." The warrior hummed, blinking the lingering sleepy state away. She bit into her apple and held it between her teeth as she dusted bread crumbs from her hands.

The prince stretched an aching limb and tapped his prosthetic in place, much to the annoyance of the dragon.

****XxX****

The trio sailed in view of the village after what seemed to be a very long time. Hiccup landed the dragon near the edge of the forest, where there was a clearing just large enough to fit the beast. After a minute of struggling with the stubborn dragon, who was suddenly very playful, the prince and warrior managed to dismount Toothless and walk in a comfortable silence until they reach the point where the trees end.

Astrid stopped and her companion turned to give her a questioning look. "What's wrong?"

"I'm not going in." she shrugged. The prince laughed.

"Yeah you are. What about your reward? C'mon!"

"No, Princey. I'm gonna go home." the warrior gave him a stern look and his smile died.

"Yeah, but-"

"Make up with your dad." she commanded before running away.

Hiccup frowned. _That _didn't make any sense. Astrid had been so set on collecting the money. He gave a shaky sigh and shook his head. If he followed her, he was sure he'd get a beating, but if he didn't, would he ever see her again? The prince, very confused, but unwilling to do something so dumb as upsetting her, entered the village and scoffed at himself.

Obviously he would see the girl again. She was one of the village knights. Thinking otherwise was him being melodramatic. Hiccup walked through town easily, no one paying him any heed. They thought there was a lost _princess, _so he could easily walk through town with the only eyes on him being that of a few villagers who thought him attractive.

When the boy walked straight through the castle gates, he did receive a few blank stares, but the prince continued to trudge right into the castle and make a beeline for his father's study.

Outside the door, the boy halted, his fist in the air, ready to knock. Hiccup really did doubt his father wanted to see him. Or let him stay, or... the prince sighed. Astrid had told him to make up with his father, and he was sure that she would hunt him down and yell at him until she was hoarse if he didn't. No aspect of that sounded fun, so he closed his eyes and knocked thrice.

"Come in!" a voice boomed from the other side, and the boy opened the heavy door and entered the room.

"Hi, dad."

****XxX****

Hiccup told his father the story of his rescue over a cup of something intensely bitter that the man had gotten someone to retrieve for them.

When he ended the tale, the prince shrunk back into his chair, a feat easier to carry out when he was smaller. Stoick stared at his son as the boy attempted to hide from the world.

"Why did you run away?"

The brunette hadn't been expecting that. "I don't know," he shrugged helplessly, unwilling to look his father in the eye.

"I missed you, Hiccup." Well today was just full of surprises. "I know I wasn't a good dad, and that I gave you grief about being so..." the King waved his hands in exasperation. "But if you," the man paused, searching for the proper wording. "If you want to stay, I promise to try to fix that."

Hiccup let out a shaky laugh. This was so cheesy and clichÃ©d. It was dumb to think that after all that time, if either had taken the time to talk to the other, this would have been fixed easily. It was dumb that each had been too stubborn to imagine they were wrong about how the other felt. It was dumb that hot tears threatened to spill from a prince's eyes.

"I'm sorry, Dad." the boy finally managed awkwardly, and his father nodded.

"Nice braids." Stoick nodded to his son once their quietly awkward moment was over. Hiccup felt his head, entirely confused until his fingers brushed over tough little knots at the bottom edge of her hair.

He bit his lip, remembering that Astrid had braided his hair two days ago. He thought he had removed them all.

The King, though he may have once been a bad father, could tell the vague look of heartbreak on his son's face. He grinned. "Och, boy. Go find her. Or, eh, him. You never really told me which." the man referred to the warrior his son had talked of, and the shining in the prince's eyes when he talked of them.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "What?"

"You obviously want... them to stay. So go, lad."

The prince stared at his father for a second before leaping out of his seat and dashing out the door, leaving the man to shake his head and chuckle.

"Astrid!" Hiccup yelled out as he ran, guessing she couldn't hear him, but feeling the need to do so anyways. The boy never slowed until he reached the docks, where he spotted the girl of his affections and stopped full tilt.

"Uh, hey, Princey. What're you doing here?" she hissed. Did she sound on edge? The boy couldn't tell, he was too dizzyingly out of breath. He held up one finger - probably. He really couldn't tell, his whole body was numb from running all over town.

"Astrid," Hiccup repeated, ready to give a full on speech about how he wanted her to stay. Instead, he looked down and scoffed. "What are you _wearing?_"

Hiccup realized he shouldn't have said that when she punched him hard in the arm, but she wasn't wearing her armor! Instead she wore a tattered little dress. The girl mumbled something inaudible.

"What?"

"I'm not a warrior!" Astrid shouted, peeved. "I'm a trader's daughter, stupid! My dad and I settled here for a fortnight and I heard about your stupid self getting trapped in that stupid tower. Since I obviously have the time," she gesture to her lame attire, then a docked boat, "I thought, _Why not save the princess?_ I found a dress and some armor on my dad's boat, grabbed my axe and left!"

Hiccup casually (and rather amused) waited for the girl to simmer down.

After she stopped yelling, the boy gave her a mirror of her stern look and placed his hands on his hips. "You know it's illegal to

impersonate a royal official, right?"

Astrid narrowed her eyes. "Are you going to arrest me? After I _saved you?_"

"No, I suppose I should let you go. Or..."

The trader's daughter raised an eyebrow at him, crossing her arms.

"Do you wanna stay and become a knight or get married or something?"

"_What?_"

"You wanna stay and become a knight or something?"

"Did you just ask me to _marry_ you?"

"Oh, God..." Hiccup ran his fingers through his hair, settling them to twist a braid. "I'm sorry, that was sudden and dumb and cheesy, I don't-"

The prince was cut off by a warrior's lips on his.

~END~

**For the first time in forever I finally finished a story wow
>I honestly thought I would end up giving up on the plot somewhere
along there but I didn't and in all honesty I'm a little proud of
myself kay

End
file.